



So, strictly hypothetically speaking--



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2008-02-14> 09:12:00

MOOD: 🤪 dorky

MUSIC: She Wants Revenge - And A Song For Los Angeles

If, say, a girl one has been kind of seeing/not seeing/whatever were to text one on the morning of Valentine's day, asking if one had a date for the evening, that would be sort of unequivocal, wouldn't it?

Say one *was* said girl, and the person one had texted responded that he had plans with a friend, but was available Friday or Saturday night. Would that be too much like blowing somebody off?

0.0

I can't believe I'm seriously considering this.

It will only end in tears.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets.

Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

45 comments



 [cjtremlett](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:15:33 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I'd say much too much like blowing somebody off. Scary!



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:29:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Argh! Conflicting advice! Abort! Abort!

Too late, we're committed to a course of action.



 [cjtremlett](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:34:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Awww. Well, it does depend on the person in question. Still scary, though. Even if she seems not to be taking it as a blow-off, she might be saving up the negative reaction.

Judging by the rest of the posts, though, I'd say you'd best make up your mind and let her know about what you think asap. The longer it lingers, the uglier it gets.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:15:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You **could** ask 2 b released from friend duties, y'know.

(If she says yes to Friday or Saturday, wear the green shirt and the suede jacket.)



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:20:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I could. If I were TACKY.

I could ask if she wants to come with us, but that seems like it would be, kind of, "Well, no, I don't want to date you, but you can hang around with my friends."



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:20:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Which begs the question--d'you want to date her?



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:23:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Yes? No? Maybe? Mongoose?

Um.

"She's pretty and I like her, but she's too well." 0.0

Yes. I do. But she's way too normal for me. It'd be like the anti-Dharma-and-Greg. And she'll get bored with me fast.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:30:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sweetiepie, don't reject yourself.

That's what girls are for.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:30:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

o thanks.



 [uffer](#)

[February 14 2008, 19:44:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You may be underestimating her ability to deal with strangeness. After all, is a friend already, so must presumably have some experience in dealing with The Purportedly Unbearable Oddness of Chaz. And thinks it's not just bearable but, y'know, kinda nice, or text would probably not have arrived in the first place?

 [asciikitty](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:26:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If you are ALSO offering a Friday or Saturday date, it's probably ok. Unless you are planning to tell her you don't want to date her on that Friday or Saturday date. In which case, inviting her to hang out with the friends first might get her hopes up too high.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:27:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

See, she DOES hang out with my friends. Er. She is a friend.

If she were just a girl, it would be easier. But this has oh, so much potential for slapstick. 0.0

 [asciikitty](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:32:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

this is going to sound silly.

Have you tried talking to her? No, I know you've had conversations, but have you tried saying "Hey, look, I'm really confused, what do you want from me" in a tone that doesn't make it sound defensive, and then going from there?

Find out explicitly what she wants. it'll help you figure out a little what you want maybe.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:35:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um. Oh, you mean admit to my clinical suave deficiency?

I'm pretty sure I know what she wants. It's me that's the problem. But I guess I could just tell her that, and see what she says.

(See, girls are smarter than guys. It's a fact.)



[asciikitty](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:45:36 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Well, so these days, every time it looks like there might be a dating situation in the near future, I make sure that at some point early on I sit the nice person down and say "Look, I like you enough to flirt with you, and I might well like you enough to see once you twice, but here are my limitations for dating [Husband, boyfriend, friend-who-is-a-girl, knitting group, D&D game, work] and so if you're looking for X, I'm your girl, but if you're looking for Y, you may want to look elsewhere." Where X and Y differ depending on the conversation, and how much I mention knitting group as a reason I don't have any time depeds on the person.

Oh hell. That got long. SO right? You could in theory say "Hey look, I like you, and I think I know what you want but I don't want to make any assumptions so it would be great if you'd tell me in little words and here are my time constraints and you lknow the job is dangerous" or whatever, and see what happens.

More honestly probably won't hurt.

(Guys Very Rarely get pissed off at their partner for failing to be a mind reader. Sometimes. But I do think of it a a girl thing)



[cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:51:30 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Right. Honesty. Communication.

::flail::

8)

(Seriously, it helps. Thank you.)



[asciikitty](#)

[February 14 2008, 15:12:13 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

you're welcome.

communication is good. mostly.



Deleted comment



[cvillette](#)

[February 19 2008, 12:31:18 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It doesn't feel simpler. I really like her, and I even like her in the high school sense, and we have a ton of friends and professional connections in common, but I worry that she likes me more than I like her. Maybe much more. And I can see the branching threads of a hundred futures in which the resulting crater takes out a significant portion of the D.C. metro area, y'know?

Okay, written down, it looks simpler than it feels.

And the comedy of errors part is that every single time we could maybe sort this out, the universe does something Shakespearean to complicate it a little more, and make it more fraught.

And I am bad at talking about me. And I'm either going to have to, or bail completely. 0.0

picture small wet coyote shivering convulsively under an outcrop of rock, trying to decide whether to wait for the rain to pass, or to make a run for it.

Deleted comment



[cvillette](#)

[February 19 2008, 19:33:49 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Thinking about complicated hard things out loud?

It's okay.

If you are the type for whom it is helpful, maybe do a risk assessment? A stand-to-gain/stand-to-lose thing? Alternately, if you think you like him more than he likes you, put the ball in his court, be honest about it, and let him decide what he's got to offer, trusting everybody to be a grownup about it--

--oh.

Sorry, I just had an epiphany. Cripes, I'm dumb.



[inaurolillium](#)

[February 14 2008, 15:19:45 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)


I second this advice.

Also, honesty does not require suaveness, and boys who are attempting the honesty-and-communication thing are often very nervous about it, so I assure you that you will automatically seem far less awkward than you feel. Girls who particularly appreciate the

honesty-and-communication thing will appreciate it *even more* if it's uncomfortable for you and you're doing it anyway.

I keep reminding people in my life that the best way to get what you want is to *ask for it* (or at least tell people that you want it).

And take O's advice about the clothes. Pet-able clothes *good*.

 [tamnonlinear](#)

[February 14 2008, 19:26:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

honesty does not require suaveness

Amplify: Suaveness often precludes honesty. Suaveness is a front, a persuasion technique, a glamour, a charming prelude to manipulation. These things make real honesty impossible because they impose a subtext on the conversation where you are so cool and sophisticated that the other person could not possibly have a problem with what you are saying because that would be uncool.

Real honest not only provides the information, but allows the space and respect for the other party to make up their own damned minds.

Because honesty is a little bit dangerous. It isn't glamorous, it's just real.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 21:34:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Okay. But if she kills me, my ghost will haunt you.

 [tamnonlinear](#)

[February 14 2008, 21:54:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

There's a reason that there's a saying "Tell the truth and *run*". Honestly does not preclude keeping a good, safe distance either.

(I have a friend who says "It doesn't hurt to ask! It does hurt when people throw things at you for asking, though.")

Good luck!

(p.s. I've never had a ghost. I always wanted one as a kid, and even wrote invitations, which I left in places that seemed likely to attract ghosts. Never got any though.)




 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 21:37:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

0.0

All right, all right, you win. I just picture six months on, and friends slipping copies of *He's Just Not That Into You* under her cubicle wall or something. I don't wanna be That Guy.



 [inaurolillium](#)


[February 14 2008, 23:40:09 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Because you wore your nice new clothes, or because you were honest with her? Because if you're honest with her, then she will either know *exactly* how into her you are or are not, or she's seriously self-deluded and there's nothing you can do but remove yourself. What you wear isn't going to change that in either direction, and you could use the practice dressing nicely.

I always win.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:18:51 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Giving two days is good. And weekend days is better. It says you're not really just saying you have to wash your hair, you know, but actually trying to make a connection.

(Go team you!)

Hypothetically speaking, would this hypothetical girl hypothetically be somebody who has been hypothetically hurling herself at you for the past oh hypothetical months? Because you seriously gotta--well, no, I won't use that metaphor. Um. Make a decision about that. Not hypothetically.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:26:25 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hypothetically speaking, that would hypothetically be what I was hypothetically trying to figure out.

Hypothetically, she says she's free Saturday night.

Augh! She was supposed to be busy.

With all her boyfriends or something. Who aren't taking her out tonight.

Yeah, nice clear cognition there, genius.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:37:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

That weird sound? Me. Laughing.

I have heard that stuff like this happens to other people. But in my experience, nope, just you.

Re other matters: Pasta no longer frightens me (and once you pointed out that this is glorified mac 'n' cheese, I felt even better), but are you sure about the Other Thing?



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:42:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, I can hear you from over here.

Yes. totally sure. Really, it's easy. Just slice the skin/fat side of the breast, like we did the other night, and start it in a cool pan so the fat has plenty of time to render out. And you still have the sour cherry sauce I sent you home with?



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 14 2008, 14:49:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

In a little deli container, yes.

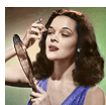
(ee. I'm cooking for my girlfriend. This is so not me.)



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 18:34:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So (he says, prolonging distraction from own fate for as long as possible), how's the ~~quest~~ ~~wrasslin'-match~~ shopping going, 0? (Since Harpy's phone seems to be OFF.)



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 14 2008, 18:37:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Do not distract me. I must bring all my powers to bear.

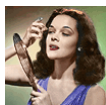
(Epic struggle. I shall prevail.)



 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 18:38:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

::makes more popcorn::



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 14 2008, 20:58:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The besiegers nearly lost hope several times, but the fortress is taken.

Both cobalt blue (VERY nice narrow-spread-collar shirt with French cuffs) and gray (though not, in fact, dove; more steel/silver). Shirt collar shows off neck and jawline, midlength jacket makes legs look longer, slightly fitted waist looks like actual *fit* as

opposed to nasty long box straight-up-and-down jacket that looks like iron lung.

Here, I send photo.




 [cvillette](#)

[February 14 2008, 20:59:30 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

O.O



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 14 2008, 21:01:31 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

sulkz

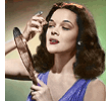


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[February 14 2008, 21:03:05 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

What? You look like Scully back when she actually looked like a Fibbie, only h0t.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 14 2008, 21:06:49 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

The cat's still wet. She'll like it when she dries off.

Sweetie, professional ≠ frumpy. Stop striving for it. You are doomed to fall short of frump 4ever.



 [cvillette](#)


[February 14 2008, 21:30:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

So are you going to make her model for us?

(What? I had to.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 15 2008, 00:31:10 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

I paid good money for this. Wabbit says it is workplace-appropriate. I will wear it to the workplace. If I get negative feedback from my supervisors (i.e., if Mom gives me some flavor of Look), I will make Wabbit take it back and get me a refund.

It seems nicely made, though. The shirt collar is very pointy and even, and the jacket lapels do something that is probably what jacket lapels are supposed to do.

I still think jackets are supposed to cover your butt. All my other jackets have. This does not. I think that means it's girly. 8>{



 cvillette

February 15 2008, 00:34:01 UTC

COLLAPSE


Aren't you cooking?

(oops, greasy hands)

I HAVE MEAT.

(Oh, my poor kidneys. But who cares? It is a holiday for LOVE. THE LOVE OF MEAT.)



 trollcatz

February 15 2008, 00:49:40 UTC

COLLAPSE

Yes! Put in duck bosoms to ooze, and typed while they did so. They are nearly done yielding up FATFATFAT (OMG I had no idea. Is this because ducks need the insulation to ward off hypothermia in the water?). And I will save the fat as instructed. I hope you don't plan something shocking for its ultimate fate.

Hah! I hear key in lock. (The lock of my *heart*, ooh, I'm such a sap.) Must go present someone with a nice glass of vino.



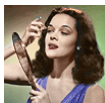
 cvillette

February 15 2008, 00:51:22 UTC

COLLAPSE

Have fun, you crazy kids.

I bet she faints when she smells the duck. Fat is for pastry! And fried potatoes. Oooo.



 Ometotchtli

February 15 2008, 00:34:49 UTC

COLLAPSE

It means it's *hawt*.



 eljefe

February 14 2008, 17:15:03 UTC

COLLAPSE

Note: my advice is many years out of date, so your mileage may vary.

Does she know who you are going out with on Friday? Or did you leave that blank? I would suggest telling her, and I would invite her along. That keeps it low intensity while you make up your mind. Cause her intentions are pretty clear.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets.

Puppets. Poppet

puppets. Scary.